THE MADMAN.

A SATIRE.

What! Thou a Stateſman,
And make a Buſineſs of Damnation
In ſuch a World as this! Why 'tis a Trade;
The Scrivener, Uſurer, Lawyer, Shopkeeper,
And Soldier, cannot live, but by *Damnation*!

DRYDEN.

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THE

MADMAN.

A

SATIRE.

WHERE PLUTO wears the *Stygean* Crown,
And CERB'RUS guards th' Infernal Throne;
Where the d----mn'd Soul in Torture lies
Groaning, in endleſs Agonies!
To this corrupted World I fly----
To learn who *lives prepar'd to die!*
Examine, whether PERJ'RERS feel
Leſs Pangs on Earth than when in H--ll!
The Hearts of K—GS to undulate,
Theſe ſhew K—s Miniſters of State,

That they may *ken*---without a Glaſs,
Which is the MAN---and which the A--ss:
Don't think I mean this *happy* Iſle,
Where WISDOM, JUSTICE---*ſweetly* ſmile;
But, where the ARBITARY ſway,
And ROGUES command, and FOOLS obey!
Witneſs poor VOLTAIRE's exil'd State,
Near begging Alms thro' Iron Grate!
To *ſwitch* the LEECHES of that State,
Who feed on Blood---to make 'em fat,
Then ſalt 'em till their Heart-ſtrings fly;
And they diſgorging---pine and die!
Each *pow'rful Rogue* to ſtigmatize
On the *Os frontis*---near his Eyes---
That, for the future, none ſhall *dare*
In SENATE ſit---without a 'SCARR.
To ſeize each RA---L's ill-got Pelf,
Then laugh to hear him curſe himſelf;
And, when in Cauldron melting-hot,
Some *Fiend* ſhall pour it down his Throat.
To ſeize the *Bawd*, who lives on Vice,
Fill her with P-x, with Sc-bs, and L--e;
Then drop her in ſome ſtagnant Jakes,
To be p--'d on by *Rogues* and *Rakes*.

As

As for your CENT's *per* CENT's *per Annum*,
The *Way* they take---muſt ſhortly d---mn 'em:
But for that *Hydra-Monſter*-LAW!
That takes *live Fam'lies* in her *Maw*;
Remorſeleſs hears their Shrieks and Cries---
Craunching their Bones till each one dies;
Then ſucks their Marrow, drinks their Blood,
Barbarian-like, makes Man her Food;
By ſlow Degrees---ſhe muſt be fed
With Roſin, mix'd with melted Lead!
That, ſhe'll digeſt!---and ſwallow Land,
A large as once the *Goodwin* Sand,
At one good Gulph---and, when 'tis down,
Each *Tree* and *Sapling* is her own:
She ſwallows Houſes, Streets and Lanes,
With *little* Trouble, and *leſs* Pains;
No Woods or Foreſts, Groves or Lawns,
Nor Parks well ſtor'd with Deer and Fawns,
Will ſhe refuſe---if in her Way,
She'll ſwallow Barns and Ricks of Hay,
Rivers and Lakes, Land plow'd or ſown,
The *Right* contended---all goes down!
DON'T think my Friend, how dignify'd
A JUDGE may be---tho' qualify'd;

To thee 'tis *equal,* if the *Laws*
Are e'er ſo good--TRUTH wins no *Cauſe:*
A Quirk--a Quibble--or a--Purſe
Moſt weighty--ſtiles a *Pray'r* a *Curſe,*
A PERJ'RY--a ſlip o'th' Tongue;
And, DEMONSTRATION--*an old Song!*
METHINKS I ſee a LAWYER--*bad!*
Biting his Lips--ſwearing I'm mad;
Then, gravely ſay--*I will aſſure ye,*
The LAW *can't err!*--*It is the* JURY;
Compos'd of ignorant Men in Trade,
Who know not why the Laws were made:
Sometimes--*if* SPECIAL--*Gentlemen,*--
But then--*Good-lack-a-day*--*What then!*
They ſtudy PLEASURE--*not the* CAUSE;--
And wanting Judgment--*know no Laws!*
Thus LAWYERS, *with their* LITTLE GAINS,
Are d--mn'd by OTHERS--*wanting Brains!*
DEEP in the Stateſman's gangren'd Breaſt,
This Probe I'll thruſt--when he's at Reſt;
Then load his Mind, with Thouſands ſlain
For mimic Grandeur--ſhadow'd Gain:
But, ſhall I tell him how--and where--
This †, ſtands for Dagger!--This *, for Star!

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So STARS and Daggers muſt convey
The THOUSANDS kill'd by Land and Sea!
Bring *Orphans* Cries, and *Widows* Tears,
(Each Morning *ere* he ſays his Pray'rs!)
Then Shoals of Ghoſts—once MEN of MERIT;
Whom Years he *humm'd* with *Public Spirit*;
Sometimes a *Promiſe*—then—a Smile—
And, *Good dear* SIR'D *'em—all the while,*
Till *Miſery* o'ertook the SLAVES—
And, ſtarving, linger'd to their Graves!
Bleſt be their Fate—they journey'd home—
And paid that *Debt*—that DEBT to come!

Strange *Whims* are in my Mind revolving—
The P——T's about diſſolving:
Now, to each CITY I muſt fly—
Proclaim impending Danger nigh;
That, if they would be *juſt* and *wiſe*,
They *muſt* both TOOLS and BRIBES deſpiſe;
Remember, for a certain Rule,
Each *Knave* deſigning—is a *Fool*!
The Caution give—Where-e'er their Truſt is,
That *Fool* or *Knave* can do no *Juſtice.*

THEN, from each CITY to each TOWN,
I'll tell each CANDIDATE *his own*;
If he's oppreſs'd, or wrong'd the *Poor*,
Or, laſh'd the *Needy* from his Door;
Or, if a *Creature* to the State,
Ignobly born—ignobly great—
Whether he muſt ſay AY or NO,
Juſt as he ſees his BETTERS do.

THEN, thro' each COUNTY I will bear
My wither'd Carcaſe through the Air,
In hopes to find a true-bred BRITON
Worthy on STAPLE-WOOL to ſit on;
And, if perchance, ONE I ſhould find,
With upright Heart, and ſteady Mind,
I'll ſet him up, like *Demi-God*,
With golden *Sceptre, Iron Rod*,
To laſh the *Villain* that has ſold
OLD BRITISH LIBERTY for GOLD:
That LIBERTY—once MAGNA CHARTA—
Now dwindled into - - - - - -!
Oh, EG---T!---Muſt I think on *Thee*,
Who *dare* to ſpeak—who *dare* be free!
Shall I to YOU, *unknown*, appeal,
Whoſe Heart is with the COMMON-WEAL;

Should

Should JUSTICE ever be deny'd,
Or, Villain 'ſcape, without being try'd? §
The BASIS of the LAW ſays NO:
But POW'RFUL INT'REST, ſays---'TIS SO!
IF, I'm a *Briton* bred and born,
The very *Name* I loath and ſcorn!
Is this the LIBERTY we boaſt---
No ſooner mention'd, than 'tis loſt!
Is TRUTH and VIRTUE under Ground---
Never till *Doomſday* to be found?
Oh---LIBERTY!---Thy Place of Birth---
If *Britain!*---is the worſt on Earth!
FOR ſhame, ye *retchleſs Crew* give o'er,
The *Cauſe* of *Cauſes* now implore;
Turn your Eyes *inward* if you can---
Conceive what makes the mighty Man!
Is MERIT at the firſt FORMATION?
Or, is it CHANCE in *wanton Paſſion?*
Or, did your DAM---to croſs the Breed,
Salacious grown---with all---*ſucceed?*

§ *Quere?* Has not the Author his Eye upon the Pamphlet, lately publiſh'd, wherein Dr. *J*----- is ſaid to be indicted for a Perjury; but, that, he could not be try'd, on Account of the Affidavit, wherein the Matter contained, is lodged in a particular Office, and denied to be produced upon the Tryal, now depending in the Court of *King's-Bench*, at *Weſtminſter?* SCRIBL.

Anſwer

Anſwer me this—ſagacious Brother!
MAD—with the LEAVINGS of *another*
How came thoſe dirty *Acres* thine?
Perhaps, if trac'd, the *Right* is mine.
Thy *Fortune's Chance*, thy *Grandeur*, *Shade*,
Thy *Levy* what?—The SLAVE's Parade!
CAN *Gold* or *Int'reſt* aſſwage the Pain
Of troubled *Conſcience*, or the Brain?
Can *Gold* relieve the *tortur'd* Breaſt?
Or *Gold* procure one Moment's Reſt?
Can it protract thy Life a Span?
Thou vrieſt TRIFLE!—ſilly MAN!
Doſt think Phyſicians learn'd and ſage,
Can keep thee from the FEVER's Rage?
Believe and truſt—This Fact prevails,
That, *Murder'd Men can tell no* Tales!
Or, *that the World and all that's in it,*
Can ſoothe thy SOUL *in* DYING MINUTE!

FINIS.